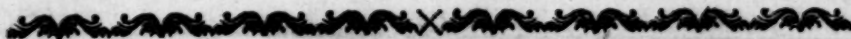




F A I T H.

A P O E M.



[Price Two Shillings.]

A P O E M

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[Printed Top of Page]

14
F A I T H.

A P O E M.

By
Robert Nugent Viscount Clare.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the ADELPHI,
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March.

F A I T H

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TO THE
P U B L I S H E R.

THE following Poem at first consisted of a very few Lines, and was only part of another in which Verses of Seven Syllables were chosen as best adapted to its general subject. What is now sent to you, growing almost imperceptibly into its present length, by Ideas crowding upon the Author's mind, from an inexhaustible Fund of Matter, became a disproportionate part of the original Design, and has therefore been separated from it. The Metre, although deficient in that solemnity which the subject demands, remains unalter'd; merely from the difficulty of improving the whole by adding more words to each Line. Had it been so enlarged in its first formation, it would have cost the Composer less labour than hath been bestowed upon it in its present shape, while the Composition might have been rendered less inelegant, and

the Sense and Argument less cramped and obscure than they must appear in many places.

You have it with all its Imperfections ; and if it be sufficiently clear to manifest to Christians the Author's Faith, sufficiently conclusive not to weaken in the opinion of others the Cause which he would support, and just sufficiently poetical not to tire the Readers of either Denomination, he will not repent of having given to the Public his Thoughts in the Decline of Life, closing the scene with an Endeavour to draw their Attention to an Object which ought to be the principal Study of Man, as it is his infinitely most important Concern, through every stage of Existence.

Happy indeed would the Author be, if this Attempt should contribute to excite the Exertion of superior Talents in the Defence of Him from whom they are derived, and in vindicating Truths which can never suffer by Discussion, and which have been injured only when the Field hath been abandoned to unopposed

posed Assailants. The Attack is become too general in many parts of the Christian World; the Defence should be unanimous by all who are ranged under the Banner of a Man-God, however they may differ in other points, whether of Doctrine or of Discipline: This will be no more than a just Compensation for the Prejudices drawn upon their Common Faith by that intolerant Rancour with which differing Sects have persecuted each other. Of those Prejudices Infidelity hath not failed to take every unfair Advantage, and would conclude against the Law of Disinterestedness, Forgiveness and universal Benevolence, because cruel and interested Men have acted in direct Opposition to its Spirit and Commands.

A R G U M E N T.

GOD from the simple Law of Nature produces infinite Variety. The Exertion of Power equal in the Production of the smallest and greatest Beings in the various Classes of Creation. The most minute Alteration in the System of the Universe would subvert the whole; from Line 1. to 18. All Effects foreseen by God from Eternity; to Line 32. Phænomena, seemingly irregular, all directed by certain Rules, to Line 43. There are Evils necessarily arising from the Nature of Things, in the physical and moral Worlds. These are compensated by superior Benefits with which they are connected, to Line 62. The virtuous happy here or in a future State. Prayer grateful to God, to Line 82. The Law of Mercy consistent with the Law of Nature. Both co-operate in attaining the Ends proposed by God from all Eternity, to Line 106. The Will of God, although immutable, is free, his Decrees being always present, to 120. Man's Choice foreseen but not compell'd, to 124. Certain differing Opinions equally false, to 132. Infidelity and Credulity equally erroneous. Miracles afford no Argument in favour of legendary Tales, to 152. The Will of God is the efficient Cause of all Things, to 170. Worlds of Spirit, to 176. Influence of Soul upon Body acting by an Impulse different from the Laws of Motion, to 192. The known Effects of such Impulse render credible certain Miracles and Mysteries delivered to us by divine Authority, to 216. Absurdities of Materialism, to 230. Desire of Fame after Death a Proof of future Existence, to 256. The Argument used by Epicureans against Providence strengthened by the Doctrine of Materialism, to 288. Their Argument best answered by the Doctrine of a Trinity, to 318. Other Circumstances which inforce the Truth of that Doctrine, to 346. Mahomet and Mahometism compared with Christ and Christianity, to 366. Before Revelation, natural Sense led Men into fewer gross Errors respecting a Divinity, than Learning did many Philosophers, to 374. The Worship of God in his Works, or in Idols, common to the most civilized and savage Nations, proves the Idea of a Supreme Power impressed on the Mind of Man, while the religious Tenets of both were equally absurd, to 408. Description of Fame, to 426. Her Influence upon Cato, Brutus and Socrates, to 468. All Virtues enjoined by the revealed Will of God, to 478. The Influence of revealed Religion upon the Distresses of Man, to 502. The Religion of Nature, moral Instinct, and human Laws not sufficient without reveal'd Religion, to 562. Reason not sufficient without Faith, to 614. Deism inconsistent with itself, to 632. Address to the Deity, to 650. Apostrophe to the King, to 690.

F A I T H.

A P O E M.

RULING Pow'r! eternal Mind!

Uncreated, unconfin'd,
Who, from Nature's simple Law,
Dost her various Myriads draw;
Thou! omnipotent in all,
Equal in the Great and Small,
Where thy rising Works extend,
Wide as Space which knows no End,
From the Mote which unseen plays,
To where Suns unnumber'd blaze;
While the all-pervading Soul
Poises, moves, connects the whole:

In

In the Chain one Link derang'd,
 In the Work one Movement chang'd,
 In the Scale one Atom lost,
 Worlds would sink in Chaos tost.
 But secure, thy potent Hand
 Executes what Prescience plan'd, 18
 What was, is, or e'er shall be
 Viewing thro' Eternity.

COULD an unforeseen Event
 Scenes, unknown before, present,
 Thou, like Man, become more wise,
 Would'ft thro' Time in Knowledge rise,
 Rais'd, at ev'ry future Date,
 From thy still imperfect State.
 Yet, in each advanc'd Degree,
 Ill th' improving Deity
 Would support th' Omniscient's Claim,
 From Eternity the same;
 Ill, Effects unthought of, tend
 To insure Creation's End.

[[II]]

URG'D by one unvarying Force,
 Seasons tread their wonted Course;
 While in Nature's slated Turn,
 Winters chill, and Summers burn.
 Vagrant Winds, the Compass round
 Shift, and seem by Rules unbound;
 Yet Thou guidest their Career,
 Sure as rolls the circling Year:
 Nor in wide Creation's Range,
 Blindfold Chance or fickle Change
 Ever enter'd: fertile Lands 43
 Thirst for Show'rs that glut the Sands;
 Nor may starving Virtue taste
 What the lavish Vices waste,
 All foreknown, no partial Ill
 Frustrates the Creator's Will.

ILLS there are, in vain deny'd
 By the subtle Stoick's Pride;
 Such as Nature must produce,
 Purchasing superior Use:

Here

Here would Suns benignant shine,
 They must scorch beneath the Line :
 Clouds that drop the kindly Show'r,
 Must the wasting Torrent pour.
 Nor to Earth alone confin'd,
 Ills disgrace the nobler Mind,
 Rank Desires, foul Passions stain :
 Should resistless Force restrain,
 Soon would Brute-degraded Man
 Humble mourn thy alter'd Plan. 62

IN omniscient Justice sure,
 Virtue rests of Bliss secure ;
 Large the Portion here assign'd
 To the conscious, spotless Mind,
 While unmerited Distress
 Points to future Happiness :
 One, thus blameless doom'd to fall,
 Proves Futurity to all.
 Other Proofs, alas ! arise :
 Prosp'rous Guilt those Proofs supplies.

Tho'

THO' awhile in Nature's Scale
 Virtues sink and Crimes prevail,
 Yet not lost in empty Air
 Vainly floats the suppliant Pray'r:
 Grateful shall the Incense rise,
 Wafting Fragrance to the Skies;
 And eternal Bliss repay
 The short suff'rings of a Day.
 Let not Villains boast their Gains,
 While unclos'd th' Account remains! 82

BUT would'st Thou, in Mercy shown,
 Deign the righteous Cause to own;
 Or from Guilt's repentant Eye
 Wipe all other Sorrows dry,
 Nature's Laws can never force
 Mercy from her destin'd Course;
 Both are thine—to stir the Wave,
 Still, or turn its Rage, and save
 Wretches, who thy Hand adore
 Slighted or unknown before.

THUS the Kindred-Systems rang'd
 Mutual act, their Laws unchang'd ;
 Tho' deep-veil'd thy form'd Design
 Dwells in Mystery divine ;
 Nor can bounded Reason find
 How their various Pow'rs combin'd,
 All directed to one End,
 Can alternate Succour lend,
 While according Parts agree
 In Cælestial Harmony.
 Howe'er vary'd each Event,
 All conform to thy Intent,
 To whate'er thy ruling Pow'r
 Will'd before th' appointed Hour. 106

MAN thro' Life's inconstant Range,
 Proves his Liberty by Change ;
 But that cogent Proof betrays
 Error's inconsistent Maze.
 While th' Almighty Hand fulfills
 All that Sovereign Wisdom wills ;

While

While no Power's controuling Voice,
Thwarts his self-directing Choice;
Tho' unalter'd still remains
What th' unerring Mind ordains,
Wise Omnipotence is free
In th' immutable Decree,
Ever present, never past,
Never future, first, or last. 120

IN whate'er thou hast ordain'd,
Man ne'er sins by Force constrain'd!
Free his Choice, tho' Heav'n foresee
What that fatal Choice will be; 124
His, who wrapt in Horror's Gloom,
Reads th' inevitable Doom;
Or who views a Seraph's Throne,
By predestin'd Lot his own;
Or who mocks a saving God,
Spurns his Clemency and Rod:
Impious they, whose Creeds profane
Hold the Works of Virtue vain. 132

Error's wild Extremes are such,
 When too little or too much
 Men believe, alike they stray—:
 Scepticks in the Noon of Day,
 While Credulity's weak Eyes
 See the Midnight Spectre rise.
 Nor doth Miracle avail
 The low Bigot's idle Tale,
 How by Supplication prest
 Thou hast chang'd thy high Behest;
 Turn'd the Bolt thy Wrath prepares,
 From the Head thy Pity spares;
 Passions varying each Design,
 As strong Love or Hate incline:
 Vengeance, Mercy but fulfil
 Thy unalter'd ceaseless Will,
 Both united in one Plan,
 Form'd ere Worlds or Time began;
 While Presumption baffled strays
 In th' inexplicable Maze.

COULD sublimer Reason scan
 Matter thro' its endless Plan,
 From this humble Planet rise
 Far as stretch the spangled Skies,
 Piercing thro' all Nature's Laws,
 Towards the efficient Cause;
 Past thy Will should Knowledge strain,
 Newton's Lights would Blaze in vain:
 Whence on Matter, doom'd to rest
 'Till by moving Matter prest,
 Does th' imparted Impulse act?
 Whence does central Force attract?
 Whence in a projectile Line
 Bodies would that Force decline?
 While th' opposing Pow'r compounds
 Orbs that move their destin'd Rounds;
 These deep-search'd by human Skill,
 Own no Cause beside thy Will. 170

ALL obedient to thy Reign
 Works more wond'rous still remain,

Where,

Where, unknown to human Sight,
 Spreads th' expanded Infinite ;
 While thy ruling Law controls
 The vast Universe of Souls. 176
 Hence that Spark (whose glimm'ring Ray
 Animates our senseless Clay,
 Knowing all to Mankind known,
 Stranger to itself alone ;)
 Bids the Face of Pleasure glow,
 Sickens the pale Cheek of Woe,
 Fires the Weak with Valour's Flame,
 Numbs with Fear the Giant's Frame,
 Gives our Limbs to move or rest,
 By no outward Force imprest ;
 Bids young Vigour, bounding high,
 All Attraction's Pow'r defy,
 And, in Frolick's varying Round,
 Motion's stated Laws confound ;
 Rules the Man—unconscious whence
 Flows its pow'rful Influence. 192

SINCE thus destin'd to obey,
 Body owns superior Sway;
 To the ruling Spirit chain'd,
 Union felt but ne'er explain'd;
 Well might thy o'er-ruling Force
 Stop the Sun's declining Course,
 Bid a chosen People pass
 Thro' the Sea's divided Mass:
 Starting forth at thy Command
 Well might Wonders prove thy Hand,
 When the Crowd thy Truths receiv'd,
 Saw, and what they saw believ'd.
 Yet Impiety denies
 Miracle and Mysteries;
 Mocks the Pow'r which from his Bed
 Rais'd to Life the wond'ring Dead,
 Scoffs at those who dare proclaim
 A Man-God in human Frame,
 Join'd in Union undefin'd
 To our now ennobled Kind!

In thy Word those Truths we trace,
 Treasur'd for the Human Race ;
 Unimpair'd the Proofs shall last,
 Thro' the future, as the past. 216

If, as impious Teachers say,
 Souls are animated Clay ;
 If, by chemick Pow'r refin'd,
 Matter, high-sublim'd to Mind,
 Rich with Wisdom, Foresight, Skill,
 Chuses, thinks, and moves at will ;
 A new Effence thus supply'd,
 To the native Mass deny'd,
 Total Change—such alter'd State
 Who produces, must create :
 In the wond'rous Work impress'd
 The Creator shines confest ;
 Still the Soul retains her Claim,
 Pure and animated Flame. 230

Lo ! the Wretch who abject thinks
 Man to Brute degraded sinks,

And

And in mould'ring Earth's decay
 Quenches the immortal Ray,
 Courting visionary Fame
 Pants to eternize his Name ;
 When no more th' unconscious Ear
 Can th' applauding Pæan hear,
 When no more th' extinguish'd Eye
 Sees the Column brave the Sky,
 Sacred to a Name alone,
 All that liv'd of Man unknown.
 Heaven's exhaustless Bounty grants
 Fit Supplies for all our Wants,
 Whether feeding grosser Fires,
 Or the Soul's sublime Desires ;
 Ev'ry Longing of the Mind,
 Marks an Object thus assign'd,
 In the wide-extended Scope
 Of Enjoyment, Wish, or Hope,
 'Tho' mistaken Man's Embrace
 Catch at Shadows in his Chace :

He who thirsts to live in Praise,
 Thro' a Line of endless Days,
 Proves a deathless Prize prepar'd
 By our mortal Sense unshar'd. 256

IF the great Creator's Plan
 Close with Life's contracted Span,
 While in quick successive Birth
 Myriads swarm to mix with Earth;
 If to no sublimer End
 Heav'nly Strength and Thought extend,
 Why was favour'd Man begot,
 Rising but to breathe and rot?
 Why employ'd almighty Pow'r
 On the Creature of an Hour?
 Epicurus in his Sty,
 Hence would Providence deny,
 Deeming Earth unmeet to share
 A Creator's Guardian Care.

YET

YET Almighty Pow'r he own'd
 On the highest Heav'n enthron'd,
 Of Infinitude posselt,
 In himself supremely blest.
 Thus he reason'd.—“ God employ'd
 In Perfections self-enjoy'd,
 Feels no Motive to create,
 Rising from a future State:
 What can finite Works present
 Worthy the Omnipotent?
 Can Creation to his Store
 Add one Gift, not his before?
 Or th' Imperfect yield Delight
 To the Perfect Infinite?
 Atoms, blindfold in their Dance,
 Jumble into Worlds by Chance,
 While remote the God-head reigns,
 Heedless of our Joys and Pains.” 288

WILDER'D in phantastick Schemes,
 So th' unaided Searcher dreams:

Reason with advent'rous Flight,
 Trying Heav'n's unequal Height,
 Tir'd and dizzy, from the Sky
 Drops into Absurdity.

FAITH arise ! assert your Claim !
 Open Heav'n from whence you came !
 Vouch th' eternal Three who shine
 One, in Attributes divine !
 Say ! how the Great Father's Mind
 Ere Creation was, design'd
 His lov'd Son's unspotted Birth,
 Cloth'd in Flesh, exalting Earth ;
 While with interchang'd Delights,
 One creates, and One unites,
 Of one Object each possess,
 In their mutual Blessings blest.
 Say ! how all was sanctify'd,
 By that Spirit breathing wide,
 Who erst in the Prophet's Flame
 Did those mystick Truths proclaim ;

And,

And, athwart thick pagan Night,
 Pour'd on Souls resistless Light.
 In this System pre-ordain'd,
 God's high Motives stand explain'd ;
 When his all-creating Hand
 Gave to Man Air, Sea and Land,
 Made for him, whose kindred-Claim
 Boasts his Heav'n-united Frame. 318

TENETS with such Wonders fraught,
 Far beyond the Reach of Thought,
 Link'd with Laws, whose rig'rous Plan
 Checks th' aspiring Pride of Man,
 Stints the darling Joys of Sense,
 Lost in rigid Abstinence,
 Points to Paths with Thorns bespread,
 Far remov'd from Pleasure's Bed,
 Leading to a distant Prize,
 Past the Ken of human Eyes,
 Reason's Sovereign-Rule deny'd,
 Senses, Passions, mortify'd,

In a plain and simple Tale,
 Ill constructed to prevail,
 With no Eloquence to draw,
 Nor Authority to awe,
 Yet by Earth's first Pow'rs receiv'd,
 And by Learning's Lights believ'd,
 Reconciling what before
 Mock'd the Sophist's baffled Lore,
 Yet that Purpose undesign'd
 'Scap'd the rustick Teachers' Mind,
 Who, the subtle Schools unknown,
 Knew no Doctrines but their own;
 Nor in Rolls of Grecian Fame,
 Read an Epicurus' Name:
 These are Stamps by Heav'n imprest,
 Truth's inimitable Test.

346

SUCH were they, while Guilt and Shame
 Brand th' impostor-Arab's Claim:
 Vengeance, Rapine, Murder, Lust,
 Ill denote a heav'nly Trust,

Tho'

Tho' his Followers' Ruffian-Band
 Speak the Wonders of his Hand,
 Boasting in their martyr'd Train
 Robbers by the plunder'd slain.
 Well might he by Force impose
 Creeds absurd on vanquish'd Foes ;
 Well seduce a sensual Crowd,
 Vague Concubinage allow'd ;
 While his Paradise invites
 To eternal lewd Delights.
 * But rank Incest, all his own,
 Flames a Jewel in his Throne.

How unlike the Man divine !
 In whose Life's fair Mirror shine
 All the Precepts which he taught,
 Spotless pure in Deed and Thought.

366

ERE the Beam of saving Light
 Trac'd the certain Path to Right,

Man,

* Mahomet forbad Incest, but practis'd it himself.

Man, when uneduc'd by Art
 Stifling Nature in his Heart,
 Safer trusted native Sense
 Than weak Learning's Insolence ;
 Nor, to eternize a Clod,
 Labour'd to dethrone his God. 374

WHERE the poor untutor'd Hind *
 Awe-struck hears him in the Wind,
 Sees him in the Light'ning blaze,
 Feels him in the solar Rays,
 And thro' splendid Nature's Stores
 In Effects their Cause adores,
 Spreading wide as Nations spread,
 Admiration, Love and Dread ;
 Or where Superstition owns
 Virtues giv'n to Wood and Stones,
 Whether Jove, high-sculptur'd, rise
 Awful Sov'reign of the Skies ;

Or

* Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd Mind
 Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind. POPE.

Or from monster-teeming Nile
 Spring the worship'd Crocodile;
 Or rough hewn with barb'rous Glare
 Some tremendous Idol stare;
 All evince a Pow'r impress'd
 Deep in Man's instinctive Breast,
 Wrapt in Error.—So the eye
 Traces in an Ev'ning-Sky
 Well-known Forms; yet what we see
 Is but cloud-born Imag'ry.

Not more senseless Tales disgrace
 The wild Faith of India's Race,
 Than, obscur'd in heathen Gloom,
 Sham'd the Lights of Greece and Rome,
 When appall'd, the Brave and Wise
 View'd Portents and Prodigies:
 Did a Fowl in moping Mood,
 Sick'ning shun its slighted Food;
 Did a Bull ill-omen'd die,
 Did a Bird sinister fly,

Earth's proud Masters trembling yield,
 Ill resign'd, the unfought Field. 408

SELF-BORNE thro' th' ætherial plain
 Virtue led her radiant Train,
 Scorning Titles, Wealth, and Pow'r,
 Native Charms her only Dow'r:
 Yet, inspir'd by Glory's Flame,
 Pleas'd she heard the Trump of Fame,
 Bade her Votaries pursue
 Where the airy Phantom flew,
 Wasting in the chase of Praise
 Sleepless Nights and restless Days,
 'Till a baseless Pile appear'd,
 By recording Muses rear'd:
 There the Brave, the Good, the Sage,
 Liv'd in Clio's deathless Page;
 There Calliope display'd
 Flow'ry Wreaths which never fade;
 While Melpomene sublime
 Rais'd to Heav'n the Gods of Rhime. 426

By such splendid Visions led
 God-like Cato liv'd and bled;
 Liv'd the first of human Race,
 Dy'd in Pagan-Pride's disgrace,
 Sullen shrinking in despair
 From those Ills which Man should bear.

BRUTUS, high in Patriot-Blood,
 Honest, gen'rous, brave and good,
 Hapless, with one erring Stroke,
 Rivetted his Country's Yoke,
 Friendship stabb'd in Cæsar slain,
 O'er Philippi's fatal Plain
 Soon he saw a Shadow fly,
 Hov'ring in the angry Sky,
 Late his Guide:—But ere He fell
 Vanish'd the enchanting Spell,
 Virtue's unsubstantial Frame
 Sunk into an empty Name:
 Still He err'd, and in his Fall
 Saw blind Fortune govern all.

Such their Doom who unrestrain'd
 Own no Laws for Man ordain'd,
 Lost to Blessings that await
 Merit in a happier State;
 Nor behold in sweet Accord
 Virtue's Charms and Heaven's Reward.

SOCRATES, when subtle Art
 Silenc'd Instinct in his Heart,
 Nor wou'd Nature's Law obey
 Ill-reign'd to tyrant-Sway,
 With fixt Eye and thirsty Soul
 Eager view the deadly Bowl,
 With firm Hand the Blessing caught,
 Fame gay-smiling o'er the Draught.
 Yet high rais'd by mental Pow'r,
 Did that mighty Genius tow'r,
 With all Nature's Treasures fraught,
 By all Wisdom's Learning taught.

SUCH is Reason's strongest Ray,
 Fading in the Flood of Day

Now Heav'n's saving Page hath shewn
Truths to Socrates unknown.

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ALL that in fair Virtue charms,
All in social Love that warms,
All in Sympathy that glows,
Melting at another's Woes,
All that righteous Zeal should dare,
All that bids sweet Mercy spare,
All that in confided Trust
Steels the never-yielding Just,
These, confirm'd by Heav'n's Command,
On a Base eternal stand.

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Tho' on some bleak Heath alone,
In his Storm-rent Cot unknown,
The starv'd Peasant, born to toil,
Tills, unpaid, a barren Soil;
Or fall'n Greatness in the Shade
Pain and Penury invade,
Now no more the Voice of Praise
Chaunting loud the Poet's Lays;

Tho'

Tho' dark Slander's venom'd Tooth
 Wound the blameless Breast of Truth;
 Or a keener Foe intrude,
 Foul and false Ingratitude;
 Yet Religion's beaming Ray,
 Portion of th' eternal Day,
 With Heav'n's potent Influence fraught,
 Spotless Sanctity of Thought,
 Patience firm with stiff'd Sigh,
 Fortitude with dauntless Eye,
 Innocence in Virtue strong,
 Meek Forgiveness pard'ning Wrong,
 Charity's parental Tears,
 Faith that warms, and Hope that cheers,
 Can sweet Harmony inspire,
 Sweeter than the Poet's Lyre. 502

If from the Accord of Things
 Natural Religion springs,
 With sufficient Force to bind
 The strict Duties of our Kind,

While

While in Reason's moral Light
 Wrong stands mark'd distinct from Right,
 Whence, the Pride of Stoick Schools,
 Epictetus drew his Rules;
 Be this boastful Claim allow'd!
 What avails it to the Crowd?
 What to them, the unknown Use
 Of Philosophy abstruse?
 Hard their Doom, if millions stray
 While a Sophist finds his Way.

OR, if in the humble Shade
 Instinct prompting lends its Aid,
 Influencing the various Will,
 Some to Good, and some to Ill,
 Diff'ring as the human Frame
 Differs, in no Two the same;
 If all Virtue's understood,
 The mere Child of balmy Blood;
 If black Humours unsupprest
 Taint with Vice the gloomy Breast;

If th' impelling Flood commands
 Unrestrain'd fell Rapine's Hands ;
 Wrong'd they fall, by Laws unjust,
 Who transgress because they must.
 If the milder Stream supplies
 Mercy's Beam in melting Eyes ;
 If their purer Influence warms,
 Lighting all the inward Charms ;
 Sure, in partial Pow'r's Regard,
 Virtue finds undue Reward.

LAWS, unequal to prevent,
 Know no Means but Chastisement,
 And howe'er with Wisdom fraught,
 Claim no Empire over Thought ;
 While the unreach'd Heart remains
 Foul with ulcerated Stains,
 Where the meditated Sin
 Mocks all Pow'r, and lurks within,
 'Till from that polluted Source
 Crimes wide spread their wasteful Course.

INSTINCT,

INSTINCT, Reason, Law, for Man
 Trac'd but an imperfect Plan,
 'Till th' inspiring Word supply'd
 What to Nature was deny'd;
 Truths alike to all explain'd,
 In that Code for all ordain'd,
 Form'd alike to teach and bind
 King, Philosopher, and Hind.

THUS the Sov'reign's Will exprest
 Frames his Law to rule the Breast;
 While his all-pervading Eyes
 See the Crime that brooding lies,
 See the Murd'rer's dark Intent,
 Doom'd to threat'ned Punishment,
 Deeply stain'd with moral Guilt,
 Tho' Man's Blood escap'd unspilt. 562

WHILE the Spirit all-divine
 Breathes in ev'ry sacred Line,
 F Shall

Shall vain Man with subtil Wit
 Parts reject, and Parts admit?
 Stating Proofs compar'd Degrees
 With Improbabilities;
 While in his suspended Scale
 Reason dictates which prevail.

YET the Sage in hungry Mood,
 Trusts not Reason for his Food;
 Nor the Sense unsatisfy'd,
 Waits till chemick Art hath try'd:
 What with most salubrious Juice
 Suits the waisting Body's Use;
 Else, in gnawing Hunger's Pain,
 Long the Sage would toil in vain.
 Thus our groffer Wants supply'd,
 Taste an ever ready Guide,
 Shall what feeds the nobler Part,
 Cheers and purifies the Heart,
 Wait for tardy Reason's Aid,
 Straying thro' a dubious Shade?

While

While Enquiry hangs perplex
 O'er the Comment-blotted Text,
 In one clear and perfect Plan,
 All Heav'n's Rules to govern Man,
 On plain Nature's Level lie,
 Obvious to weak Reason's Eye.
 Yet to these, Conceits acute
 Meanings never meant impute.

MYSTERY, before conceal'd,
 Is Heav'n's Knowledge now reveal'd;
 While Religion, soaring high,
 Spreads the Secrets of the Sky.
 Vainly would Conception strain
 Ev'ry Link of Reason's Chain,
 Far unequal to the Height
 Of that Knowledge Infinite;
 But strong FAITH compels Assent,
 As to Truths self-evident.

REASON's Weakness thus supply'd,
 Fearless she pursues her Guide,

Certain that the *Wise* and *Good*,
 (Prov'd in all Things understood)
 Ne'er with impious Tales deceiv'd
 Those who trusted and believ'd.

WHAT tho' Sophistry exert
 All her Talents to subvert?
 Tho' th' Enthusiast, Frenzy-fir'd,
 Boast a Flame by God inspir'd?
 Faith and Reason's Claim and Use,
 Rise unreach'd by their Abuse. 614

SAY, learn'd Deist! whose Assent
 Grants a Pow'r omnipotent,
 One uncomprehended Cause
 Acting by his self-form'd Laws,
 Why thy varying Creed rejects
 Incomprehensible Effects?
 And would Reason's Line apply
 To unfathom'd Mystery?
 Does Creation stand explain'd
 To thy finite Mind wide-strain'd?

While

While the Earth and Sea and Skies
 From Non-entity arise,
 Know'st thou thro' all Nature's List
 How one Atom doth exist?
 Less absurd thy Faith would end
 Where Men cease to comprehend,
 Tho' the Universe unite
 To proclaim the Infinite.

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GRACIOUS Pow'r! to Thee we owe
 All that Bounty can bestow;
 We, the Objects of thy Care,
 Live in Thee, and move and are
 Yet superior Thanks are due,
 While the promis'd Bliss we view
 In thy holy Word reveal'd,
 When thy Blood the Compact seal'd.
 Shall the Atheist, self-debar'd
 From th' ineffable Reward?
 Shall the Deist's Tribe profane?
 Shall the Scorners' ribbald Train?

Infidelity

Infidelity far spread,
 Raife the supercilious Head ?
 And no Bard, unaw'd, rehearse
 Heav'n-taught Truths, in grateful Verse,
 Rescuing from the impious Jest
 Those who dare these Truths attest. 650

FIRST of those, blest'd Monarch, hail !
 FAITH triumphant shall prevail,
 While Religion on thy Throne
 Sits, and marks thee for her own.
 Her's thou art by ev'ry Claim :
 In chaste Virtue's sacred Name,
 In those Charities that blend
 Sov'reign, Father, Husband, Friend.
 Gratitude that thanks and prays,
 Zeal that worships and obeys,
 Stamp thee her's, her Hope and Aid
 When deserted and betray'd.

FROM the Atheist blindly bold,
 From Believers numb and cold,

Those

Those who saving Truths reject,
 Those who own them but neglect,
 From the Reas'ner's Pride absurd
 Spurning Heav'n's attested Word,
 From the wild Enthusiast's Rant,
 From the Hypocrite's false Cant,
 From dark Superstition's Gloom,
 From fell Persecution's Doom,
 Piety compell'd to fly,
 Finds thy Breast her Sanctuary.
 Justice, Clemency, combin'd,
 Spirit, resolute and kind,
 Pleas'd to lead with gentle Hand,
 Firm wild Faction to withstand,
 Looks benignant, which impart,
 Feelings of a spotless Heart,
 All the Blessings these dispense,
 Speak the Heav'n-sent Influence;
 While staid Freedom's sober Train
 Own a Monarch's legal Reign,

Viewing with indignant Eye
Licence leading Anarchy :
Nor shall delegated Sway
Stint thy intercepted Ray,
Drawing to a narrow Line
Bounty meant on all to shine.

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F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

Page 17. Line 16. for *that move*, read *and all*.